THE
NATION

January 19, 1963 . . 25c

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KEY TO A SETTLEMENT

Arthur Mulligan

SPACE: WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

A Review by Carl Dreher

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LETTERS

'Arizona Sunsites'

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: As a long-time Arizona journalist, I was interested in Stan Steiner's "Sunset Years in the Cactus," in your October 27 issue, which discussed the land boom in the Southwest, and the criticism of Mr. Steiner's article by a Horizon Land Corporation official which appeared in the Letters column of your December 15 issue. I have made an independent study of the Horizon Land Corporation's "Arizona Sunsites" development and pass along my findings in the hope that they will interest your readers.

The development in question is an area of 18,000 acres located about ninety miles southeast of Tucson in what is known as the Sulphur Springs Valley. The valley is not, properly speaking, a desert area—at least not as we know desert out this way. It's range country, with grass, scrub brush and little or no cactus. I saw some yucca, if that could be called cactus, but no saguaro, as Mr. Steiner reported. (The saguaro grows in the lower desert regions, around Phoenix and Tucson.) Temperatures are, for the most part, moderate. I really doubt that Mr. Steiner's report of 140-in-the-sun could be substantiated. According to the local weather observer, summer temperatures range from the high 80s through the 90s into the low 100s, with little humidity except for a few weeks in late summer when the rainy season occurs (all readings taken in the shade). Because of the low humidity, evaporative coolers do a reasonably adequate job of air conditioning. Summer evenings are usually cool, which isn't the case through most of the desert country of Arizona. As for winters: the normal range is from the mid-50s and occasionally the 60s in the daytime down to the 20s and 30s at night, with a dip below 20 now and then. There is some snow, but not very much, and no drifts. Average annual rainfall: about 15 inches.

"Arizona Sunsites" began selling lots in January, 1962, according to Bill Bray, vice president and general manager, who took me on my tour of the development. Out of an original 18,000 acres, nearly 15,000 have been sold to some 8,000 people from all over the country, says Bray. He estimates that more than half the customers have visited "Arizona Sunsites" to inspect their land, either before or after purchase. Sixteen homes have been built or are under construction. Fourteen of them have been sold. Prices range from $5,995 for a one-bedroom home to $10,250 for three bedrooms and an activity room. Horizon is doing the building. I looked at several houses, both finished and unfinished, and they look good. Available utilities include water and electricity. The water table is high, and the supply seems abundant for the entire 18,000-acre Horizon development and more.

There is no gas line into the project, which means that home owners must use butane, and that is fairly expensive. However, there is some talk that natural gas will soon be made available. There is no telephone service, except for a single phone at the "Arizona Sunsites" office. Bray says a wealthy rancher nearby has obtained a $400,000 government loan to organize and develop his own phone company. Horizon has given him a lot on which to build, and the system is being engineered now. There's a nine-hole golf course on the project, with grass greens. It looks like a good course.

At one of the homes I visited, the householders showed me some of their recent water and electric bills, and the charges looked reasonable to me.

The general area of "Arizona Sunsites" is, as Steiner said, sparsely populated. Some ranchers and farmers, a few tiny communities of 50 to 400 or 500 and the town of Willcox (twenty-eight miles away — population 2,450), and that's the sum total in Sulphur Springs Valley. But whether the scarcity of population and the isolation of "Arizona Sunsites" have any great relevancy is, I think, the question to be considered. Distance and isolation don't seem to be the bugaboos for some people that they once were, especially since Mr. Everyman is a car owner. And many retirees seem not to mind living out of the mainstream of life, judging from other retirement communities springing up in the Southwest (although admittedly none that I know of is quite as isolated as "Arizona Sunsites"). Then, too, as and when "Sunsites" develops into a full-fledged community in its own right, isolation and distance will be matters of no great consequence.

The roads through the project were cut with bulldozers and are pretty primitive. They tend to get slippery when it rains, and in dry weather they are dusty. But one of the householders I talked to said the dust isn't enough to be a nuisance. As and when there is enough activity at "Sunsites" to produce quantities of dust, I imagine there also will be enough population to get together and form paving districts.

I talked to several residents of "Arizona Sunsites." One couple is from Rolla, Mo.; they seemed thoroughly satisfied with the whole thing. I also talked to two elderly ladies from Elmira, N.Y., who were sharing a home. They, too, seemed quite content. Neither interview was set up for me by Bray.

On the way back to Phoenix I stopped in Tucson and made some calls to get independent evaluations

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From the Beach

As the 87th Congress convened, a flood of premonitory stories issued from Palm Beach, where the President-elect was having his day in the sun. Now, synchronized with the opening of the 88th Congress, another deluge, broad and deep as the Gulf Stream, emanates from the same source. Of course, it is not the President who is supposed to be speaking; only that elderly curmudgeon, Arthur Krock, is so churlish as to suggest that it is. Officially, as *The National Observer* put it, the White House press corps has discovered a "talkative but anonymous news source with an amazing knowledge of President Kennedy's private thoughts." Let these thoughts not be discounted: they will be followed by action.

As a freshman President, so to speak, Mr. Kennedy had to spar with a certain amount of caution; partly on that account he got a black eye at the Bay of Pigs. But that round is over. Now, fresh from his triumph over Khrushchev in the same area, he is ready to slug. And he doesn't care whom he slugs. The President, the AP reveals from Palm Beach, "intends to follow up his Cuban success by exerting stronger leadership over the West's cold-war policies, even at the risk of offending sensitive allies." He has not yet knocked out Khrushchev, but he knocked out Macmillan, and Sonny Liston could not have been more ruthless and efficient. This Kennedy is not to be underrated in the battles to come.

Several past incidents now fall into place and probably foreshadow the pattern of the future. The "eyeball-to-eyeball" hatchet job on Adlai Stevenson was a warning to all similarly oriented Americans that the activist was going in for action and get the hell out of his way. The Acheson speech at West Point was no doubt intended to soften up Mr. Macmillan and other Britishers trying to preserve the shreds of empire. The Kennedy crack about France's independent nuclear force at the unveiling of the *Mona Lisa* was funny, but it probably did not sound funny to M. Malraux, nor will it seem funny to General de Gaulle. All these are signs that Mr. Kennedy purposes to be the cold-war boss, and make no mistake about it.

This is not a new Kennedy, as some have suggested: it is the old Kennedy no longer under wraps. He gave clear warning of his intentions in his inaugural address. His philosophy has always been that what counts is power, and nothing but power, and if you want power you can't expect to be loved, much less to give anybody else a break.

As *The Nation* sees it, none of this is to be taken lightly. Those allies who are now being shouldered aside have been a moderating influence in the cold war. They stopped the Truman administration at the 38th Parallel in Korea, and they (and General Eisenhower) stopped Nixon and Radford from using nuclear bombs in North Vietnam. The Kennedy policy of boldness may work for a time. It might work through the first Kennedy Administration, even (though the likelihood is less) through the second; it might possibly work through the reign of the Kennedy dynasty. Or it might blow us all to perdition before the year is out.

Tax Reform First

Time (January 11) quotes Victor Hugo: "Greater than the tread of mighty armies is an idea whose hour has come." And what is the idea that has risen from the prairie's dreaming sod, the snow-capped mountains, the teeming cities, the placid (or turbulent) waters? The idea that now swells the bosom of every American, rich and poor alike? It is, of course, the idea of a tax cut. The only difficulty (and this differentiates the idea from the Crusades, say, or the American Revolution) is that there is little agreement on "implementation." As *Time* says, the conviction that the U.S. tax system is excessively burdensome and unnecessarily complicated cuts across all dividing lines, embracing Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, businessmen and scholars, AFL-CIO and N.A.M., etc., but when it comes down to who is to pay what, this splendid unity disappears in the twinkling of an eye.

President Kennedy is willing to settle for almost any version of the great idea: he fears unemployment will rise to more than six million in late 1963 or early 1964 in the absence of the psychological boost which he feels almost any sort of cut will inspire. What worries him is that, whatever form the cut may take, its effect on the take-home pay of the average voter will be negligible. He has put in motion, therefore, a selling campaign to convince both the Congress and the public that tax reduction, however it may be implemented, is hot stuff. The proposition will be difficult to sell, since the average voter, whatever his failings, is able to count up to a hundred and his weekly relief will be a good deal less than a hundred—pennies.

A considerable amount of sanity has been injected into this confused situation by Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee, who is scarcely a popular man in liberal circles. Mr. Mills is for tax reform first and cuts second. Of course, Mr. Kennedy is for tax reform, too; in fact, everybody is, but nobody — except Mr. Mills — seems prepared to brave the anger of those whose tax privileges are to be taken away. The Committee for Economic Development, a body not without friends in Washington, argues that "controversial problems of the tax structure" should not be allowed to delay cuts. Let the well-to-do keep their tax shelters, in other words, and give them a tax cut, too. And for the not-so-well-to-do, who have no privileges to be retained, throw them a cut proportionate to their smallness.

It will be well to consider Mr. Mills's proposals when

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he is ready to put them before Congress. He is an extremely diligent legislator and he has another virtue which is rare in both the executive and legislative branches: he puts the horse before the cart.

'Death Does Not End All'

So said Ambrose Bierce, and added: "There remains the litigation over the estate." It is the same with dead weapons. The list grows with the years — from poor old Navaho, departed this life in 1957, to Skybolt, the pride of Britain, whose death was relatively sudden. All have one thing in common. The cost figure which customarily accompanies the notice of demise is not the whole cost. Negotiation over the cancellations may take a long time and when they are completed, everyone has lost interest except the negotiators. The final cost is known only to a select few, and they are discreetly silent.

To track down the actual figures would require training in accountancy and access to the secrets of arms contractors and the government. In the unclassified literature, all is confusion. For instance, in a recent article, the Associated Press gave the cost of Navaho as $545,800,000, but a footnote states that this was spent on "development." But Navaho, an air-breathing missile, was not only developed, but manufactured in some quantity. The trade papers gave the cost at the time of cancellation as $750,000,000 and a large question mark should follow that figure, since there may well have been subsequent cancellation costs. Moreover, Snark, practically a duplicate of Navaho, was said by *Fortune* to have cost $1,000,000,000, and that was *before* cancellation. Snark is not listed in the AP weapons obituary list, but neither is it listed among current missiles, so it must be dead. The cost, for all anyone outside of the Defense Department knows, may still be mounting.

Skybolt also carries a $750,000,000 price tag, as of now. It would be interesting to know whether this figure includes the outburst of advertising which emanated from the manufacturers when the missile's life was threatened. According to Drew Pearson, the double-truck ads in *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Fortune* were added to the cost by Douglas Aircraft, the prime contractor; and, furthermore, the Air Force okayed these ads. As to what bills are still to come, even Drew Pearson cannot say, but it is a reasonable assumption that they will not be small.

The Newspaper Strike

It is being said that the three New York dailies that closed down when four other dailies were struck may have committed suicide since they are, by and large, the three least able to withstand a strike of this length and costliness. But it is hard to fault the correctness of the New York publishers' decision to act in concert in their dealings with the unions. The union tactic of "knocking off" the weakest employer in an industry, or in a community situation, and imposing on the stronger units conditions which could not have been obtained from them in the first instance, does not make for sound collective bargaining. In the end, it can prove to be disastrous for the marginal producers or firms; nor is there anything improper, in terms of employer-employee relations or in social policy, about industry-wide collective bargaining.

By the same token, however, the publishers should have the courage and consistency of their own logic; that is, they should grant to the unions the same privilege of acting in concert. There is a strong possibility that the New York strike could be settled if the publishers would accept the proposition that all union contracts should have a common expiration date (see Arthur Mulligan's article on page 46). It is unreasonable of the publishers to expect that a union as powerful as Local 6 would forever acquiesce in a situation which permitted one of the weaker unions in the industry to function as the pace-setter for all others, including the most powerful. Naturally, the employers prefer to deal first with the Newspaper Guild — but this is simply a preference for the same tactic to which they take exception when it is used by the unions. Moreover, there is reason to believe that acceptance of a common expiration date would, in the end, prove to be of some benefit to the employers as well as the unions; it would certainly simplify collective bargaining. At the same time, its advantages to the community are self-evident.

Disaster In Installments

The war in South Vietnam, like the French-Algerian War, drags on in part because of a tragic failure in communications. Over a period of years, the French public gradually assimilated the true facts about the Algerian War; namely, that France was dealing with a genuine people's insurrection and not with the seditious activities of a few "troublemakers." Once the fog of propaganda, official pronouncements and distorted reporting was lifted, French opinion could, and did, focus on the real issues. But the process of enlightenment was long drawn out and proceeded through a series of revelations about torture incidents, the failure of new techniques that were supposed to work wonders, and the collapse of campaigns that were promised to bring an early end to the "disturbances." So it is with the war in South Vietnam.

Last fall we commented on the collapse of "Operation Morningstar" (November 3, p. 279) which was supposed to herald if not the end, then the beginning of the end, of the opposition to Diem; but the tanks and armored cars got bogged down in the rice paddies and canals and the operation ended in disaster. Now a much-publicized venture in the use of helicopters has also ended in disaster. Moreover, it has also ended in harsh statements by American military advisers to the effect that their South Vietnamese charges are not interested in fighting. The truth is the American flame-throwers, bazookas, tanks, armored cars, helicopters, planes are of no help. This is guerrilla warfare and the people are not behind Diem; on the contrary, nearly all of South Vietnam is against him, and

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with good reason. The arms used by the rebels in bagging our helicopters in this latest disaster—they included M-1 Garand rifles, carbines, 30- and 50-caliber machine guns and tommy guns—had been seized from Diem's troops; they were, in fact, American weapons and, if it is any consolation to us, they proved to be quite efficient in rebel hands.

More important is the fact, reported by Peter Worthington in *The Telegram* (Toronto), that an estimated 10,000 rebels rule 80 per cent of the southern rice-bowl delta's population of 10,000,000 and dominate 90 per cent of the land mass. Still more important is the fact that despite $3 billion in American aid to Diem, some of which at least has gone to improve food production, agricultural practices and the like, the rebels have managed to reduce the movement of rice from the delta by a fourth in just two years. It may be assumed that this more than offset any gain in production achieved as a result of American aid. In fact, overall rice production in South Vietnam has sunk by 500,000 tons in one year (*Wall Street Journal*, December 27, 1962).

This is a dirty, cruel war — as dirty and as cruel as the war waged by French forces in Algeria which so shocked the American conscience. Currently the weekly toll of dead, including noncombatants, runs at 500. How many more installments of this tragic war — installments such as "Operation Morningstar" and "Operation Helicopter" — will it take before American public opinion begins to react? Will the toll of American lives have to mount significantly before we can see that what we are attempting to do in South Vietnam is to suppress a genuine peasant insurrection, albeit one that is unquestionably aided by North Vietnam Communists? As long as the peasants of South Vietnam are offered only a choice between the Diem regime and possible unification under Ho Chi-minh, they will either refuse to fight or opt for the North Korean chieftain who is, after all, a national hero.

The fact is that, despite our arsenal of weapons, we do not have the power to "win" this war; for one thing, it is not our war, and power has its limitations. We could certainly aid and support a decent regime, we might even help such a regime come to power. But even if we succeed in keeping Diem in power, for a time, it will win us no friends in South Vietnam and the American dead will have given their lives in dubious battle.

The Chump's Revenge

Television advertisers have a technique known as hitchhiking, which means nipping in with your little ad before the audience has switched off the closing commercial of *Gunsmoke* or Huntley-Brinkley. The distance one can ride on someone else's money in the addled world of slogans is being demonstrated this winter with the marketing by two college undergraduates of a hair preparation called Greasy Kid Stuff. That, of course, is the stuff that the Vitalis TV commercials soberly advise American youth to eschew, and the success of the new tonic, GKS (50,000 bottles sold in two weeks in the Chicago area alone), is undoubtedly a result of the humor in the gag and the resentment felt by young people when they are patronized, not only by the friends of their parents, but by the airwaves pitchmen.

However, a Belgian oil firm, Petrofina, which has set itself up to compete with the American gasoline giants in thirteen Western states, is keying its campaign, with enormous success, to a public kidding of "additives." Clearly, the public is responding here, not only to the joke, but to the fact that someone realizes it is not an idiot. Maybe treating that noble figure, the free American, as the world's greatest chump is beginning to produce distressing side effects.

KATANGA . . . . . King Gordon

Events in Katanga since Christmas Eve suggest that the United Nations has adopted a new approach to exorcising its bête noire, the Congo. The popular interpretation that the UN, plagued by its financial troubles and out of patience with Mr. Tshombe, has decided to end matters by force is too simple an explanation. What appears to be a fairly straightforward military operation is in fact related to, but not part of, a much more complex plan which, at the outset, did not call for military action. It is the plan itself that represents the new departure.

To understand what has been happening, one must go back to the late UN Secretary General Hammarskjold's preoccupation with finding a way for the Congolese to settle their constitutional issue themselves. As a first step, he sought a way to rid the Congo — and particularly Katanga — of the foreign influences which appeared to be predominant in the determination of policy. Diplomatic suasion, which was Hammarskjold's forte, had failed to induce either Belgium or Tshombe to evacuate foreign political advisers, foreign military personnel and mercenaries. Eventually the Security Council, in its resolution of February 21, 1961, urged that measures be taken to oust these elements.

The confused political situation in the western Congo delayed the implementation of this decision, but with the advent of the Adoula government, Hammarskjold felt that he was in a position to take energetic action. At first, things went smoothly and Tshombe even appeared to cooperate. But when cooperation was replaced by re-

King Gordon, former managing editor of The Nation, *was Chief Information Officer for the UN in the Congo until August last year, when he resigned to teach in the Political Science Department at the University of Alberta. He is the author of* The UN in the Congo *(Carnegie Endowment for International Peace).*

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sistance and more strenuous action was initiated, the United Nations force found itself under attack from the Katangese gendarmerie — not only in Elisabethville but in many parts of Katanga. There appears to have been a breakdown of understanding between UN headquarters and Elisabethville as to the nature and scope of the UN action that was contemplated. Whatever the cause of the confusion, the action involved serious military miscalculations and the UN Force faced considerable embarrassment. The most tragic loss resulting from the September, 1961, fighting was in the death of Hammarskjold when his aircraft, flying by night to avoid danger from a solitary Katanga jet fighter flown by a mercenary, crashed near Ndola in Rhodesia where he was to have met Tshombe.

This tragedy, the inconclusive results of the September fighting and the flagrant violations of the cease-fire by the Katangese gendarmerie, put the Security Council in a grim mood when it met in November. Brushing aside objections from the French and the British, the Council passed a resolution which authorized "vigorous action with the requisite measure of force, if necessary," to round up and deport all foreign military and parliamentary personnel not under the UN command, and mercenaries. The United States gave the resolution solid support.

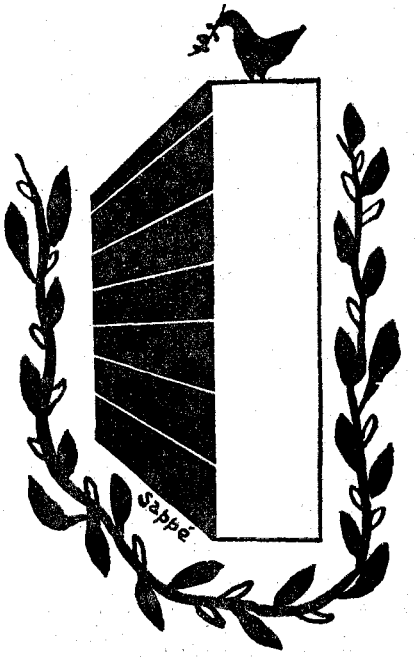
It was U Thant's first Council meeting since he had been elected Acting Secretary General. He spoke after the resolution had been passed:

It is intolerable that efforts to prevent civil war and achieve reconciliation in the Congo should be persistently obstructed and thwarted by professional adventurers who fight and kill for money. I intend, therefore, to discharge the responsibilities entrusted to me in paragraphs 4 and 5 of the resolution with determination and vigor. It will be my purpose to employ toward that end, and to the best advantage, as much as possible of the total resources available to the United Nations Operation in the Congo.

His chance to demonstrate what he meant did not come for some time but the contents and tone of his remarks were remembered.

The adoption of the Council resolution was the signal for new attacks on the UN in Katanga. Inflammatory oratory by Tshombe and other leaders was followed by assaults on UN personnel and a concerted attempt to disrupt UN lines of communication. Efforts on the part of UN officials to persuade the Katangese to remove heavily armed roadblocks were unsuccessful and military action to effect their removal led to general fighting in the Elisabethville area. The action was limited in scope and within ten days the UN commander ordered a hold-fire. This coincided with Tshombe's departure for Kitonah for a meeting with Adoula which he had requested through President Kennedy.

The Kitonah talks appeared to raise the curtain on a new and more hopeful phase of the Congo operation. Tshombe signed a declaration in which he renounced secession, admitted the authority of the central government over the whole of the Congo and agreed that the Katangese gendarmerie should be placed under the authority of the President of the Republic. On the face of it, this looked as if reunification would be largely a technical question of arranging for the integration of the finances, currency and the armed forces of Katanga and the central government. A federal constitution would have to be drafted to replace the old *loi fondamentale* and Tshombe agreed that Katangese deputies would sit in on the parliamentary drafting committee. Tshombe's pledge that he would insure respect for the resolution of the General Assembly and the Security Council meant, among other things, agreement to evacuate all foreign officers and mercenaries as called for in the resolution of November 24.



The way now appeared open to U Thant, as he had pledged to the Security Council, to "redouble . . . efforts to achieve reconciliation by peaceful means." His first step in this direction was to name Robert Gardiner, a distinguished Ghanaian economist who had already shown great capacity as a negotiator, as Officer-in-Charge of the UN Congo operation. Gardiner's task was to see that out of talks between Tshombe and Adoula a practical plan for the Congo's reunification would emerge. For four solid months, he labored with the two men, isolating their points of difference and suggesting compromises. He prepared a working paper which was accepted. He even induced agreement in principle on the establishment of four commissions that would supervise the integration of finances, currency, transportation and communications, and the armed forces. But in the end, he failed. Tshombe, despite his Kitonah Declaration, had not given up the idea of secession. Returning to Elisabethville on June 26, he proudly announced to a cheering crowd in the Place des Heros nationaux du 13 Septembre: "I signed nothing in Leopoldville . . . our rights and Katanga's cause have been defended."

Tshombe was clearly playing for time, as both Gardiner and U Thant realized. The UN, embarrassed by financial difficulties, couldn't hold out much longer, Tshombe thought. And meanwhile his own military strength was building up. No UN forces were permitted in Jadotville, Kolwezi and Kipushi, where his principal garrisons were located.

In U Thant's thinking, the time had come for a new and stronger approach. His first step was disarmingly simple. He addressed a letter to each of the 110 member states and appealed to them to "exert all the effort they can bring to bear to achieve a reasonable and peaceful settlement in the Congo." But he went on to suggest that if such persuasion fails, they should consider seriously economic pressure upon the Katan-

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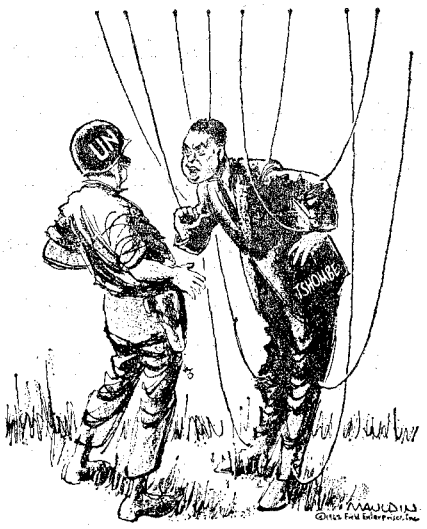
gese authorities "of a kind that will bring home to them the realities of the situation and the fact that Katanga is not a sovereign state and is not recognized by any government in the world as such."

A letter followed to Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium. Would his government "take all possible means to induce the Union Minière to turn over to the Belgian Government, to be frozen . . . pending an ultimate settlement and accounting, all revenues now being paid to the provincial authorities of Katanga"?

He then consulted three governments with close interests in the Congo — the United States, the United Kingdom and Belgium. With them, he worked out a detailed plan for National Reconciliation outlining four "phases" of action leading toward the Congo's reunification. The first phase assumed that the plan had been accepted by Tshombe and Adoula and specified actions to be taken according to a definite timetable, by the two governments, the member states and the UN. The last three phases prescribed warnings of sanctions and their subsequent application if there should be refusal or delay on the part of the Katanga authorities in putting the plan into effect. The United Kingdom and Belgium shied away from the mention of sanctions, but joined with the United States in urging Tshombe to accept the plan. Adoula gave his consent at once. Tshombe waited ten days for the deadline of his reply and then welcomed the plan "with enthusiasm."

It is worth noting that, as far as Tshombe was concerned, the document contained nothing that Tshombe had not already agreed to, in principle, either in the Kitonah Declaration or in the Gardiner working paper, both of which he had accepted. It called for the end of secession; embodied certain technical procedures for unifying the countries' finances, currency and armed forces; enumerated certain principles for a federal constitution and, finally, called for full cooperation with the United Nations in carrying out its resolutions.

What is interesting is U Thant's new approach in the formulation and substance of the plan. In basic principles, he shared Hammarskjold's point of view: both stood



"I've got connections!"

solidly for the use of conciliatory methods and repudiated the use of force, to achieve the Congo's reunification. Even in the matter of sanctions, Hammarskjold had given consideration to their use in the Suez crisis when Israel delayed its evacuation of Gaza. But in tactics there was a difference. Hammarskjold, relying on personal diplomacy and seeking the widest consensus for any action, tended to limit the issue on which agreement was to be sought and action predicated. U Thant was prepared to spell out in considerable detail a plan of action which took into account exigencies that might arise in its implementation. Hammarskjold played his cards close to the chest. U Thant spread them out on the table. When, the previous November, he had said to the Security Council: "It will be my purpose to employ to that end, and to the best advantage, as much as possible of the total resources available to the United Nations Operation in the Congo," he was referring to the evacuation of mercenaries. Now it was clear he was taking the same approach to the problem of reunification.

Plans to put the machinery of reunification into effect were pressed forward and again Gardiner was called on to carry the main responsibility. Adoula, irked by Tshombe's delaying tactics and his own political troubles, was being difficult. Tshombe was not only being difficult, but revealed that his "acceptance" of the plan meant merely a willingness to treat it as a basis of discussion. On November 26, he reported to the Secretary General on his abortive efforts to have the plan put into effect. He concluded: "The effort to achieve the implementation of the Plan continues, but with a new emphasis on courses of action envisaged in Phases II, III and IV."

The date of Gardiner's report was almost the exact anniversary of the Security Council's resolution calling for vigorous action to effect the evacuation of foreign military personnel and mercenaries. During the year of fruitless efforts at conciliation and negotiation, no attempt had been made to put the resolution into effect. Now the time for talk was rapidly coming to an end. Gardiner now wrote to Tshombe, deploring his failure to fulfill his obligations under the plan and specifying certain conditions which Tshombe would have to discharge as "the only way to convince the Secretary General and the world at large that Katanga has decided to give up its secession." Two of the conditions were to grant absolute freedom of movement for all UN personnel in Katanga including Jadotville, Kipushi and Kolwezi, and to cooperate with the UN in securing the removal of all mercenaries from the gendarmerie. Then on December 10, as if recalling the action of Tshombe's gendarmerie on two previous occasions, Gardiner added a friendly note of warning:

> *The United Nations does not intervene in your internal affairs. It will not initiate any offensive military action. It is a strong force and well armed. Its arms are for defensive purposes only. But it will use those arms vigorously whenever and wherever it may be attacked and in such situations it will henceforth take the protective measures deemed necessary to avoid the recurrence of the attack.*

Military action was not a part of the U Thant plan. But it was provided for if, despite warnings, the Katanga gendarmerie should take action to frustrate the discharge of the UN mandate. The plan itself remains as a sound basis for the Congo's reunification. In U Thant's words: "The time has passed for long delays, protracted discussions and talk of negotiations, which in the past have served only Mr. Tshombe's interests, in any case. Only acts can count."

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New York's Newspaper Strike

KEY to a SETTLEMENT . . . . . Arthur Mulligan

By its very nature a general newspaper strike must be the least publicized of all labor disputes in the area which it affects. The following article points up certain core issues in the current New York dispute which have been slow to emerge (see also "New York's Newspaper Strike" in our issue of Dec. 22, 1962).—EDITORS.

New York City

"If Powers wants to make a name for himself he has already succeeded. Only it's a dirty name." So said one New York newspaper reporter, locked out of his job for nearly six weeks by the printers' strike. A group of listening newspaper men, all members of the New York Newspaper Guild and apparently "good" union men, nodded gravely. Bertram Powers is president of the striking Local 6, known as the Big Six, of the International Typographical Union.

The reporter's remarks were indicative of a growing resentment against the strike on the part not only of the public, but of many individuals directly involved, as the blackout of the city's nine major daily newspapers continues. And the burning question in the minds of these indignant persons is, "Why has it taken so long to settle the dispute?" Why should the present stalemate exist when employers today — the publishers not excluded — generally make it a rule to try to meet the reasonable demands of their workers, and unions for the most part are content with annual wage increases and other benefits which will keep their members' heads above the rising tide of increased costs?

Certainly this has been the pattern of labor-management relations in New York's newspaper industry over the last decade or so. It seemed to be the established peace pattern —until late 1962, anyway. Then, on December 8, Powers called a strike against four New York dailies and the members of the Publishers Association of New York City promptly locked out their employees on the five other major daily newspapers.

A total of 20,000 newspaper employees (only some 3,000 of them printers) have been thrown out of work; publishers of the nine papers estimate their losses in the millions; department stores have been deprived of their main advertising outlets during the Christmas shopping rush and the January white sales. Real-estate interests suffered a major blow in losing their handy classified advertising space. Broadway plays are opening and closing without the vast majority of the public even knowing of their existence. Some small weeklies have branched out into the daily field, but have caused scarcely a ripple. Subway riders are grimly learning what other people look like.

Returning to the vital question of why, the biggest consideration seems to be the power play pulled by Powers, with which he now finds himself stuck. The publishers have stood firm. It's like Green Bay's fullback Jim Taylor running head-on into the Giants' linebacker, Sam Huff. Neither yields.

Powers, forty, prematurely whitehaired and growing whiter by the day, was elected to the presidency of the Big Six in 1961 on the promise that he would lead the union back to its one-time glory spot in the forefront of the newspaper labor field. He declared himself fed up with the "Nice Nellie" settlements effected with the publishers over the last ten years or so by the front-running Newspaper Guild.

The Guild, through a mere chronological quirk, had been setting the pattern for wage increases in the industry simply because its contracts with the individual papers expired every two years on October 31. The contracts of the printers and six other craft unions expire the following Dec. 7. It got to a point where whatever the Guild settled for — and admittedly it was never very much — became the basic wage formula for the craft unions. Early in the contract negotiations last summer, Powers and the leaders of the other mechanical unions served notice that they would no longer be satisfied with what the Guild got—unless it was substantial. (Four years ago, the Newspaper & Mail Deliverers Union adopted a similar policy and staged a seventeen-day strike.)

Pressured into a corner by this stand, Thomas J. Murphy, executive vice president of the New York Guild, called a strike against the largest of the dailies, the *News*, when the Guild contract expired Nov. 1. Eight days later, the Guild settled with the *News* for an average $8 a week increase spread over two years. Only the *Post* had failed to sign with the Guild at this writing.

Even before the Guild settlement was reached, Powers warned that it was not for him and his. He spoke glowingly of how the ITU would once again take its rightful place as the strongest union in the newspaper field. Why should he be satisfied with terms arrived at by the weakest of the unions? he asked. The Guild is so considered because a newspaper can continue to publish a paper of sorts without its editorial and clerical workers, but would be hard-pressed to do so without its mechanical workers. (Actually, if a publisher is determined to put out a paper, the printers can be by-passed too. Photoengravers can be circumvented also, and even sterotyping can be done off-premises. Only the pressmen seem to be actually essential in a strike emergency.)

A hint that the publishers might resort to Vari-Type or some similar process in the present strike was dropped last week when a publishers' statement said they were considering every possible means to return to publication. This was later denied. In Vari-Typing, expert typists write the stories on glossy paper on machines which "justify" the lines, making them come out even at the margin to the right. The finished story is then photographed and engraved, by-passing the composing room.

This was the process used in the 22-month printers' strike which started in 1948 in Chicago as a test

Arthur Mulligan, rewrite man and labor specialist for a large New York daily, is a member of the New York Newspaper Guild.

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of the Taft-Hartley Law's ban on the closed shop. John J. Pilch, then president of the Chicago printers' local, vowed to break the Taft-Hartley Law provision, but failed. It is he, now a vice president of the ITU, who gave the international's go-ahead to Powers in the current walkout.

Individual members of other unions have declared they would be willing to cross the printers' picket lines in the current struggle should the publishers try to put out their papers. But without at least the tacit approval of the leaders of the other unions involved, there is little likelihood that any union member will take it upon himself to be the first to do so.

The longest and costliest strike in history against the big daily newspapers in New York started at 2 A.M. December 8, when Powers pulled his printers, without even notifying the other craft unions who were deep in their own negotiations. The photoengravers and mail deliverers (drivers of the delivery trucks) were on the verge of settlement when the walkout came.

The printers' union, seeking to break the publishers' solid front, called its men out only at the already once-struck *News*, the *Times*, the *World-Telegram & Sun* and the *Journal-American*, ostensibly on the theory that these papers were the least likely to fold under economic pressure. The publishers retaliated by closing down the *Herald Tribune*, *Mirror*, *Post*, the *Long Island Star Journal* and the *Long Island Press*.

Federal mediators, who had been abreast of the situation during months of negotiations, jumped to the conclusion that there was no sense in even trying to get the parties to bargain. Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz dropped in from Washington once to feel out the situation, then dropped it like a hot potato. Later, he turned his personal attention to the dock strike, where the possibilities of compromise seemed more attractive. As one observer close to the printers' strike observed: "Powers has gotten himself too far out on a limb and is fighting for his very existence as a labor official. The publishers are in an economic squeeze where they can give a little, but only a little, as a final peace settlement, but cannot do so as an initial offering. If they have to go beyond that final, token offer, two and possibly three papers may eventually have to shut down forever."

Two of the three so-called borderline papers, the morning *Mirror* and the morning *Herald Tribune*, declared they would be around long after the strike was over. The other, the afternoon *Post*, served notice on the ITU that it could survive neither a prolonged strike nor a punishing settlement.

At any rate, both sides seemed dug in for a death struggle. At the

outset, New York's Governor Rockefeller vowed to stay out of the negotiations on the grounds that he did not wish to interfere with the efforts of the federal mediators. But early last week, apparently in response to persistent criticism of government's "do nothing" attitude, the Governor, New York City's Mayor Wagner and Secretary Wirtz announced appointment of a Board of Public Accountability, composed of three eminent jurists, who are empowered to hold hearings with both sides and to make public a "judgment if the parties involved are carrying out their responsibilities to the public." Most observers discount the step as typically political, designed to give the appearance but not the substance of constructive intervention.

Officialdom's cautious approach to the strike did not sit well with the public, the rank and file of other affected unions and with labor experts generally. "The only way to settle a dispute is to keep working on it, not turn your back and hope it will go away," said one labor observer.

While rank-and-file members of other affected unions, and even some of the printers, continue to grumble at the length of the strike, they have not yet put sufficient pressure on their own leaders to let Powers know how unpopular his crusade has become in homes where there is no income. The Big Six chief must be aware of the growing resentment, but he places much stock in the support promised him by labor leaders across the country.

Moreover, Big Six members are generally in a better position to ride out a long strike than some of the other unions affected, especially the Guild. Big Six strikers get strike benefits of $97 weekly (beginning 21 days after a strike has been called), compared to $30, plus $10 per dependent to a maximum of $80, paid to Guild members out of a rapidly depleting fund. And while no exact figures are available, there is evidence that many of the printers are finding it relatively easy to find part-time work in the metropolitan area, where printers are traditionally scarce. Editorial workers, in contrast, find it less easy to find ways of eking out their strike benefits, although a few reporters are doing some TV and radio work or finding jobs with the new *pro tem* dailies that have sprung up.

What of other outside pressures that normally might be brought upon the parties to settle?

The obvious thought is that the big department stores and other advertisers are putting the behind-the-scenes squeeze on the publishers. This is not necessarily so. The advertisers well know that if any prohibitive increase is won by the printers and automatically passed along to the other craft unions, they themselves will have to bear a good share of the cost. At least one publisher, F. M. Flynn, president of the *News*, has warned of possibly drastically increased advertising rates and a possible boost in the price of his morning paper from five to eight cents.

This pinpoints another feature in which the current strike is different from most others. Usually, any increase in labor costs is passed on to the consumer. But the three afternoon papers, the *World-Telegram*, *Post* and *Journal-American*, are already selling for 10 cents a copy, which seems to be the ultimate ceiling at this time. The morning *Herald Tribune* would like to break the 5-cent limit held to by the *News*, *Times* and *Mirror*, but it cannot increase its price unless the *Times*, at least, goes along. This the

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Red Alert . . . . Alvin E. Winder

On Wednesday, November 21, 1962, I spent six hours at Westover Air Force Base in Chicopee, Massachusetts, as a Clinical Psychologist Consultant to the base psychiatrist. This was a month, almost to the day, after the base had gone through the Red Alert occasioned by the Cuban crisis, and twenty-nine days after President Kennedy had given Russia the "get out of Cuba" ultimatum.

During my several hours "inside" the base, I lunched with high-ranking military personnel, saw patients, met with the base psychiatrists and also attended an informal coffee break.

This was my second luncheon at Westover. The first time, conversation had been light and general, touching on hospital duties, recreation, mutual acquaintances in the area. But this time both the content and emotions communicated in the table talk were strikingly different. The opening topic of conversation was whether or not there would be war. An Air Force colonel, carrying the morning edition of *The New York Times*, started things, I remember, by saying, "I don't think there'll be war this week." His tone was one of grave concern, as when one speaks of an impending personal tragedy rather than of a newspaper headline.

Swiftly the topic shifted to the events of the night of the Red Alert (October 22). Someone mentioned the milling about of several thousand Air Force dependents, mostly women and children, as they were assigned to bunkers—underground shelters where they would crouch and wait for the imminent crash of 20-megaton bombs that would destroy the base and the surrounding countryside. A major mentioned that many of the children were kept home from school that week; parents felt that if these were to be their "last days," they wanted their children with them.

A captain expressed chagrin over the Administration's inflexibility in having refused even to consider an exchange of bases (U.S. bases on Turkish soil for Soviet bases in Cuba).

Their talk went on, not really including me except for occasional asides. I quickly realized I wasn't "with" the conversation. Intellectually, I felt for them; but emotionally, I felt no more than one feels "with it" when expressing sympathy to a friend who just experienced a personal tragedy.

These men were completely absorbed as they continued discussing possible future actions of the President—and nothing that they had to say was optimistic. Clearly, their emotional tone had been set by the Red Alert which they had experienced. And as they talked, I remembered my own feelings when I had first heard, in my home city of Springfield, Mass., of the alert at Westover. That had been on October 24. I knew, intellectually, that a Red Alert meant that war was imminent; yet, I heard the news with a feeling of detachment, even of unbelief. I wondered if some hysterical person at the base might have falsely transmitted the information. I felt that if something really terrible was about to happen, people responsible for my safety would let me know.

I realize now, looking back, that the responsible people had *not* let me know—not the mayor of my city, not the state or federal government, not (except in the vaguest terms) the President. *The truth of the matter is I never really believed in the Red Alert until I lunched at Westover a whole month after the alert had come and gone.*

Can I be certain that I will be better forewarned next time?

My own thinking now is that if the people of Western Massachusetts had shared some of the awareness the Red Alert brought to the personnel of Westover, the whole public attitude toward major war would change. The use of denial, projection and rationalization—dynamisms that have so successfully kept people from an emotional realization of the meaning of nuclear war—might break down. The Westover personnel had attained a knowledge based upon an experience that combined feeling with intellect. Such a combined experience seems necessary for man to face the reality of nuclear disaster.

Still ringing in my memory is the remark of a fellow "Stuart Hughes for Senator" campaign worker who once said to me vis-à-vis the possibility of a nuclear war: "Do you really believe it?" And I replied, "No, Margaret, I don't really believe it." Here we were both confronted with a cause to which we were devoting hours and money, and still it had not taken on real meaning for us. Now, after six hours at Westover, I believe.

Alvin E. Winder is a practicing clinical psychiatrist.

Times has steadfastly refused to do.

And what of public resentment at the news blackout? What pressures is Mr. Public bringing? Actually, there is very little he can do, because his best forum for airing his feelings—the letter to the editor—has been taken away, too. Mr. Public, who has been deprived of his right to know what is going on in the world, his country and his local community, has also been deprived of the right to vent his indignation at this state of affairs.

The public isn't even fully aware of what the strike issues are. Here is probably the worst-publicized big strike in history—and not merely because there are no newspapers to detail it. From the viewpoint of basic public relations, neither side has done an adequate job.

For example, the publishers missed a bet from the very beginning when they allowed the increase granted by the Guild to be "imaged" as an $8 a week wage raise. Actually the $8, spread over two years, was an average increase; for the highest brackets under Guild jurisdiction, the raise amounted to $10.50 for the two years. As for the printers' side, Powers, for all his brief appearances on TV, has failed to put across what he wants and why he cannot settle for less.

One TV outlet offered to let Powers and Amory Bradford, vice president of *The New York Times* and chief negotiator for the publishers, debate the issues, but the offer was turned down. There is a personality clash between the two principals, but other factors may

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have influenced their failure to face each other before the cameras. Neither side can be too proud of some existing conditions in the trade. For example, under the expired contract, the printers were allowed only one day a year paid sick leave—and that only after eight days of being out sick. In addition, most printers have yet to realize the thirty-five-hour week, standard in most other industries and enjoyed by the Guild for some two decades.

And on the union's side is the printers' insistence upon, and the publishers' understandable desire to do away with, the so-called bogus process. Under this system, any advertising set outside the plant and submitted ready for printing purposes must be duplicated by workers inside the particular plant, even though the type is later cast away. While bogus is not enforced on many papers, to do away with it altogether could mean the loss of many jobs in the printing departments of newspapers. Added to this are the ever-growing advances in automation, which could threaten the job security of ITU members. One report that has disturbed printers since the strike started was the announcement that the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror* is using an electronic teletypesetter, which by-passes the traditional linotype machine. The story is set in type from a tape punched out by the reporter at his typewriter.

But probably the biggest issue in Powers' mind, bigger than wages (he is asking an increase of $18.45), hours, sick leave or bogus, is the contract expiration date. He wants it moved up from Dec. 7 to Oct. 31, to coincide with the Guild's. If his union, and the other six craft unions, could achieve this, they feel they would no longer have to be satisfied with modest gains achieved by the "weakest" union. The publishers are equally adamant in refusing to change the date, probably under the theory that over the years they will fare better if they can first deal with the Guild.

One observer said that there would have been no strike at all, and that even now it would end almost immediately, if the publishers yielded on that single point. Certainly, from almost any viewpoint—except possibly that of the publishers—it would seem to be a happy solution of the present mess and give the union the much-needed face-saver which the printers, already past the point of no return, must be desperately, though silently, praying for.

But if the strike is settled without establishing a common contract expiration date, there is no guarantee that the printers—or possibly another craft union—won't take the bull by the horns again two, four or six years from now.

However long the duration of the walkout, and whatever its outcome, one thing has been established without doubt—the public wants its daily newspaper and neither radio nor TV can take its place. Even with expanded news coverage, these two media have shown themselves to be unavoidably limited, and equally unavoidably repetitive, in their coverage. As a source of news, the daily paper is not only more convenient—it is completely transportable—but it also allows the reader to be selective. As for thoroughness: it would take a newscaster a half-hour or more to read aloud just the front page of an average issue of *The New York Times*.

Under normal conditions, newspapers complement radio and TV, and vice versa, and their combined services go far toward satisfying the needs of the modern news-conscious public. Anyone who has seen a football or baseball game in person or on TV likes to read about it in the papers the next day. Anyone who has read a story in a paper on his way home from work is happy to see it visually enacted on a TV newscast later that night.

Moreover, the air stations just don't have the staffs to develop and follow up the really important news stories. They are content for the most part with rewriting the news off the press wires and boiling it down to a bare skeleton.

While radio and television are not the answers at the present time, should the strike continue indefinitely, they could take a long second look at themselves and conceivably come up with something better than they have produced thus far. If there were no such thing as daily newspapers, TV long since would have made tremendous strides in its one-time effort to put facsimile newspapers into your living room. The time for that is not yet, but if the strike continues—?

Addiction: Beginnings of Wisdom . . Alfred R. Lindesmith

The basic anomaly of the White House Conference on narcotic addiction held last September was that, although participants generally conceded that addiction is a medical matter, the conference was not under medical management and the medical profession had only a small minority representation on the program. Most of the delegates were law-enforcement officials and the scheme toward which the meetings were slanted was one devised by prosecutors and policemen.

The paradox is heightened by the fact that last summer the Supreme Court, reaffirming a position it had held since 1924, decided again that addiction is a disease and that the addict is a proper subject of medical care. Since the Constitution denies the federal government the power to control medical practice, one may well ask whether the White House conference was not considering a problem over which neither it nor the government has any jurisdiction. From this point of view, the conference's objectives ought to have been to seek ways of encouraging the medical profession to accept the responsibilities implicit in the doctrine of the federal courts.

The conference was obviously planned so as to minimize controversy and to push for two main goals: (1) a program of compulsory civil commitment for addicts as an alternative to criminal prosecution and (2) an overhaul of the penalty provisions of current fed-

Alfred R. Lindesmith, Indiana University sociologist, is the author of Opiate Addiction *and many articles on the narcotics problem.*

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eral statutes. While these were stated as *results* of the conference, they had evidently been formulated in advance of it; they were foreshadowed in the progress report of the President's *ad hoc* panel, released before the conference opened.

The panel consisted of eight distinguished scientists, practically none of whom had any prior specialized knowledge of the narcotics problem. During three months of their deliberations, they had been supplied with data by unidentified "government resource people." Their report proved to be pharmacologically sophisticated and in many respects a liberal and reasonable statement. But in other respects, it demonstrated that three months is not enough time for anyone to learn to distinguish between sense and nonsense in this field where everything, including the facts, is subject to controversy.

Conference delegates were told repeatedly that they were the nation's leading experts in the field, that the conference was not mere window dressing and that their suggestions and comments would be welcomed. Nevertheless, they had virtually no chance to do anything but listen to a prearranged program. The meeting, in short, was rigged — genteelly, but none the less definitely. Its great virtues were that it was not rigged by the Federal Narcotics Bureau and that all schools of thought were at least nominally represented.

The 1956 Narcotics Control Act was severely assailed at the conference along lines similar to those that I developed in articles published in *The Nation* in 1956, 1957 and 1958*. The most damaging criticism was made by Senator Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, who presented the results of a survey of federal judges, probation officers, prison officials and district attorneys on sections of the law providing mandatory minimum prison sentences and the denial of probation and parole for federal narcotic offenders. The results showed that 92 per cent of the prison wardens, 73 per cent of the judges, 83 per cent of the probation officers and 50 per cent of the United States Attorneys opposed the mandatory minimum sentence provision. Opposition to the denial of parole and probation was even more emphatic: 97 per cent of the prison wardens, 86 per cent of the judges, 86 per cent of the probation officials and 55 per cent of the prosecutors were in opposition.

Senator Dodd condemned the present program of long prison sentences in the following terms:

> *. . . This solution is so demonstrably ineffective as a deterrent to narcotic crimes . . . wreaks such havoc to the indidivual . . . that all reasonable observers will eventually agree that the tragic and many-sided toll of blind and rigid imprisonment . . . is too great to pay.*

Two versions of the compulsory-commitment idea were presented: the New York and the California systems. Neither has been in operation long enough to be properly evaluated and an unwarranted amount of time was spent on them —especially on the California program, which seems to be little more than a cunningly contrived refinement of the punitive approach masquerading under misleading labels. The New York plan, in contrast, is evidently a sincere effort to provide a more decent and humane way of dealing with some users. Possibly, but not probably, it may evolve into a significant, non-punitive, medically oriented program. The system's faults appear to be limited applicability, reliance on coercion, failure to make any fundamental change in the structure of the criminal law and failure to give the medical professions an important role. The plan will probably not materially affect the illicit traffic, the criminality of addicts or the spread of the habit.

A fundamental dilemma of the compulsory-cure program arises from the fact that, no matter what officials say, forcible institutionalization is regarded as punishment by those who lose their liberty. Compulsion generates resentment and hostility and creates an environment unfavorable for reform and rehabilitation. This is true even when the establishments in which people are held against their wills are called "hospitals"; and it is true regardless of the number of doctors, psychiatrists, sociologists, psychologists and social workers there may be on the staffs. Impressive titles, academic degrees, good intentions and a flexible vocabulary are not sufficient to counteract the affront to human dignity and the stigma involved in institutionalization and authoritarian treatment. The force of these considerations is enhanced by the tendency of the compulsory-cure philosophy to foster the delusion in the public mind that a method exists, or is about to be devised, for curing addicts.

Under present circumstances, the drive for the construction of new institutions in which addicts would be locked up and "treated" is less than promising. A chain of Lexington-type establishments, built at great expense, is not justified by any results known to have been achieved by Lexington. Without doubt, it would manufacture a large crop of "experts," but it is extremely doubtful that it would materially improve the lot of the addict. The creation of an inflated bureaucracy of narcotics officials with a vested interest in the *status quo* would simply add an additional scourge to the present ones. The impetus for reform of present practices, it should be noted, has *not* come from the present bureaucracy.

The attempt to soft-pedal controversy at the conference was unfortunate because it is virtually impossible to say anything of importance about the drug problem without inviting controversy. It was probably for this reason that, according to some observers, the discussion rarely seemed to get to the heart of the matter.

If one wishes to discuss the statistical materials which are being circulated with respect to the drug problem, it is absolutely necessary to point out that much of this material is not only nonsense, but art-

*"Traffic in Dope," April 21, 1956; "Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic," March 16, 1957; "Our Immoral Drug Laws," June 21, 1958.

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fully contrived nonsense. In connection with a discussion of Narcotic Bureau figures, Dr. Isadore Chein told the delegates that "We desperately need someone who can count to start counting." Controversial or not, if this assertion is true, as I think it is, it very much needed to be made.

The British method of handling the drug problem was another example of an explosive controversial issue which ought to have been more adequately discussed. Ten minutes were allotted to the presentation of the Narcotic Bureau's view that the British system is a myth invented by Americans, that British practices are not essentially different from our own. Dr. Edwin Schur, who has just spent two years in Britain studying procedures there, was given two minutes at the tail end of the session.

In reality, most Western nations have narcotic-control systems resembling Britain's. None of these nations imposes compulsory cures upon its addicts except under special circumstances; all have programs controlled basically by medical men; and all, taken together, have a combined drug problem that is less serious than ours. Included among these nations are those from which our peoples, our social and legal institutions, our language and our culture are derived. Surely their collective experience deserves more attention than was represented by the twelve minutes allotted to the British program or the few lines of the *ad hoc* panel's report in which this foreign experience was dismissed as irrelevant!

Had there been full controversial discussion of central issues, it probably would have been focused on what may be called the disease theory of addiction. Describing addiction as a disease is obviously not accurate in the scientific sense, but it does serve a polemical purpose. "Withdrawal" distress might perhaps be termed a disease or disorder, but addiction encompasses much more. It is, in reality, a complex, poorly understood type of behavior, involving phenomena on the biological, psychological and social levels. It is called a disease and declared to be a medical problem primarily to emphasize that force ought to be used with respect to it as a *last* resort, and that primary responsibility for handling it should be placed upon the medical profession. The practical reason for the latter is not that addiction is a disease, but that the medical profession has a monopoly on the legal distribution of the relevant drugs.

The problems posed for physicians by addicted patients are difficult ones which extend far beyond the strictly medical realm. Suppose, for example, that an addicted nurse is under the care of a physician who is prescribing drugs for her and that the latter notices a progressive deterioration in the patient which he attributes to her drug habit. Suppose that he also knows that if he refuses to supply her with drugs, the nurse will resort to underworld sources. If the physician terminates the prescriptions and the nurse is arrested for narcotic-law violations, she will lose her job and ultimately probably become a prostitute. What, under these circumstances, ought an ethical practitioner to do? Is it proper for a physician to prescribe drugs for an addict for the purpose of preventing the user from falling into the hands of underworld pushers? The proponents of the disease theory ask only that decisions of this nature be left to the ethical medical practitioner.

The first logical step toward a medically directed program for the control of addiction might well be a national medical conference called by the American Medical Association through its Committee on Narcotic Addiction. The initial purposes would be to secure information concerning the actual practices of physicians with respect to addicted patients and the problems that arise in that connection. Physicians with direct clinical experience with addicts, and those who currently have addicts under their care, might be offered special encouragement to attend and to speak their minds freely. The ethical issues involved in prescribing or withholding drugs under various circumstances should be freely debated and evaluated both in medical terms and in terms of their broader social implications. Such a meeting would undoubtedly reveal sharp differences of opinion, and neither the profession as a whole, nor the A.M.A., should be expected to issue inflexible rulings on this sensitive issue.

A second step—the need for which would probably become evident at the conference — would be a survey under medical auspices of the addicts in this country who are presently able to secure legal drugs by prescription from physicians and who take cures on a voluntary basis in non-penal institutions. The existence of such addicts is generally recognized, but their number is unknown. Present regulations of the Treasury Department permit doctors to prescribe regular supplies of drugs to addicts only under extremely restricted conditions: (a) when the addict has an incurable disease, such as cancer; (b) when he is so old and infirm that withdrawal might cause death. These rules are sometimes set aside by narcotic agents in order to exempt particular addicts from punitive treatment and public disgrace; in other instances, physicians manage to keep the patient's addiction from coming to the attention of the police.

Addicts handled in this gentle manner are usually either members of the middle or upper class, or are themselves physicians or nurses. The case of Bill Stern, well-known sports announcer, is a case in point; according to his account, he secured his drugs exclusively from doctors. Another instance is described by the former head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Harry J. Anslinger, in his book, *The Murderers*, (pp. 181-2). He tells of "legalizing" the addiction of an important member of Congress, permitting him to obtain his drugs by prescription in exchange for his promise

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not to go to the underworld pushers.

The existence of this *sub rosa*, quasi-legal system of dealing with a privileged portion of our addicts is widely recognized, but usually ignored on the grounds that the addicts involved do not constitute what the President's *ad hoc* panel termed "an urgent social problem." If it is true that they do not, there is an urgent need to know more about them and to know precisely why they are not a social menace.

A high-priority task for a medical conference of the sort envisaged would be that of rewriting the regulations of the Treasury Department pertaining to the relations of physicians to addicts. Present regulations were not formulated by medical men. They are based, moreover, on court decisions prior to 1924, the year that the Supreme Court decided that addiction is basically a medical problem. Clearly, their revision, along with a new set of instructions for medical practitioners concerning proper medical practice with respect to addicts, is overdue. But in view of the present position of the federal courts, the revisions could hardly be made, legally, by any authority other than that of the medical profession. It is pertinent to observe here that in 1924, when the A.M.A. took a stand against the ambulatory treatment of addicts, it was believed by many physicians that the enforcement of the Harrison Act would cause addicts to quit their habits because of the unavailability of drugs. The Harrison Act has now been in effect for close to a half-century and this belief has probably evaporated.

If a survey were to be made, as suggested, of addicts who are currently exempt from punitive treatment, there is considerable fragmentary evidence at hand to indicate what the findings would be. As previously indicated, it would probably be found that there is a considerable number of drug users whose addiction is legalized—most of them probably from the middle or upper class and many of them from the medical profession itself. Public knowledge of the existence of this system of special privilege could in itself create a demand for equal treatment of users of all social strata. The medical profession would have to face squarely the problem of determining what sort of program it favors for the handling of addicted doctors and nurses. An addicted Congressman or a physician should not be accorded consideration which is denied to a Negro bus boy. If compulsory cures in penal institutions are to be the rule, let the same rule apply to all; if, on the other hand, cures are to be voluntary or by self-commitment, as in the case of Bill Stern, the same opportunities should be made available to addicts of humbler status.

With Treasury Department regulations changed so as to eliminate the present threat of criminal prosecution for reputable physicians who dare to treat addicts, the way would be cleared for a rational consideration of the problems involved in the present inequitable handling of drug users. This fact, by itself, would tend to increase the number of addicts under the care of physicians. It is to be expected that the medical profession, and particularly physicians with addicts under their care, would want to set up some sort of agency to monitor such a program and to collect data concerning its operation so that abuses might be promptly discovered and corrected. An agency to perform this function might well be established within the Public Health Service.

If it seemed that a plan of this kind was having the desired effects, it could readily be expanded by progressive changes in the standards and qualifications required of addicts to become eligible for the program. While changes should be made, obviously, only upon recommendation by the physicians involved, a number of possibilities seem clear. One would be to exempt some addicts from punitive handling on the basis of age and a long history of addiction. It is somewhat ludicrous and pointlessly cruel, for example, to impose compulsory cures upon an individual between the ages of sixty and seventy who has used drugs since he was twenty and has undergone as many as twenty to fifty voluntary and involuntary "cures." There are addicts who have been to Lexington as many as thirty times! The police themselves sometimes offer immunity to such users if they can find a doctor who will prescribe for them.

Other circumstances suggesting special consideration are: (a) when the addiction is acquired through careless medical treatment; (b) when it is complicated by the presence of chronic disease less serious than terminal cancer; (c) when addiction is acquired in the armed services; and (d) when the addict has a stable residence, a legitimate income and lives with his family.

There would obviously be a residual group of derelict and genuinely "hard core" criminal drug users who could not be brought into the program and who would refuse to go to physicians or to submit to the requirements. For these, and for any addict guilty of a criminal offense — including purchasing, possessing or selling illicit narcotics— compulsory civil or criminal commitment would be in order. The effect of this would be to put pressure upon such persons to qualify themselves for the medical program. It should be observed that the plan envisaged here would not interfere with a continuation of present efforts by the police to control the illicit traffic and would probably assist that effort by reducing the demand for illicit supplies.

The advantages of the procedures sketched here as a way of developing a rational and humane system of dealing with addiction are numerous and important. Among the outstanding ones are these: an already existing and apparently effective program which is now in limited operation would be given public recognition and gradually expanded as circumstances warranted; the medical profession would be in charge and the program that evolved would almost inevitably be one that was in accord with present federal law and with the doctrine of the courts; the expenses involved would be minimal and no great expansion of the narcotics bureaucracy would be required nor would it be necessary to build expensive new installations; and the evils of institutionalization and congregate treatment of addicts would be reduced. Finally, the program that emerged would be more in accord with our ideals of justice than the present system — because it would presumably be more nearly equitable with respect to addicts of all social classes and because it would put opiate addiction on a par with similar addictions, such as alcoholism, which are not currently regarded as criminal.

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Space: What Everyone Should Know

HANDBOOK OF ASTRONAUTICAL ENGINEERING. Edited by Heinz Hermann Koelle. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1840 pp. $27.50.

Carl Dreher

McGraw-Hill has been publishing handbooks since 1907 and now has no less than seventy-two in print. Probably none, however, has been reviewed outside its particular corner of technology. The reason for the present exception is that astronautics itself is exceptional. Although some of its aspirations are austerely scientific, it ranks high in popularity among our spectator sports. Coupled as it is with nuclear missilry, it may kill us all one of these days, a consummation toward which we devoutly contribute our tax dollars. But megadeath is not the only nor the chief reason for taking note of the mechanisms and methods of astronautics: the fact is that it partakes intensely and uniquely of life. Here is Faustian man at his most Faustian, at the perilous peak of technological culture. So this is a different kind of handbook, and the difference is reflected in some parts and passages. Amid the forbidding context of more than 1,000 diagrams, 350 tables and 2,300 equations, there are disarmingly human *aperçus*, as when one contributor takes a crack at the sacrosanct fraternity of astronomers, complaining that observation of the planets is hindered not only by the earth's atmosphere, but by professional lack of interest in such observation.

Nor is it an exaggeration when, in the opening sentence of the preface, the editor proclaims that the development of space flight "requires the application of the knowledge accumulated thus far from practically all fields of human activities," particularly, but not limited to, the area of the natural sciences and engineering. This idea is pursued in the first chapter ("Objectives and Trends") which includes a decimal classification of astronautics adopted in 1958 by the International Astronautical Federation for a trial period of five years. It embraces such far-flung topics as philosophy and psychology, politics and sociology, jurisprudence and economics, and the fine arts. All will affect, and be affected by, space flight. Consider dancing as a medium of expression: in a moon colony, with the force of gravity one-sixth that of the earth, it would have a freedom and amplitude inconceivable here below. Or music: if piped melody can improve the performance of factory workers and bank clerks, on long interplanetary journeys music may be essential to prevent the astronauts from going mad. But what kind of music? If not judiciously chosen, it may make them go mad that much sooner.

The first chapter also contains a section on "Milestones of Astronautical History" which sketchily covers nearly six milleniums, starting with the first documentation of human aspiration to fly, in a Babylonian script of 4000 B.C. that antedates the Icarus-Daedalus myth by some 2,500 years. The Babylonian astronaut used an eagle as a vehicle. Things get more serious with the invention of fireworks rockets in China, about 3000 B.C. Progress was slow and intermittent; not until the thirteenth century A.D. did the Chinese advance rocket technology to a point where the missiles had some usefulness in combat. In 1500, Wan-Hoo, an inventive mandarin, applied rocket propulsion to a ground vehicle and died in the resulting explosion. Vehicular applications were not attempted in Europe until the eighteenth century.

Military rockets appear to have been well established in Europe early in the nineteenth century, when Sir William Congreve organized a rocket corps in the British Army and developed projectiles weighing up to forty-eight pounds and with a range of 9,000 feet. But then, in a striking example of the erratic evolution of technology, the rocket weapon suffered almost total eclipse until its resurrection in World War II.

Apparently the first man to conceive of rocket flight was a Russian, Fedor Nikolai Kibaltschitsch, in 1881. He was unable to reduce the invention to practice, not only because the time was not ripe but because, having taken part in the unsuccessful plot to assassinate Czar Alexander II, he was executed.

According to the chronological scheme of the *Handbook*, the vision of astronautics was not until the twentieth century developed into a concept, or integrated cluster of ideas, capable of being reduced to practice. The transition begins with the first publications of the deaf schoolteacher Konstantin Eduardowitsch Ziolkowski (usually Tsiolkovsky in American astronautical literature) in 1903. In the United States, Robert Hutchings Goddard not only theorized, but practiced, from 1919 on; and in the twenties and thirties there was a remarkable efflorescence of studies and field experimentations, some of them causing fatalities, by German and Austrian rocket pioneers. The culmination was the establishment of the Peenemünde Rocket Development Center under Nazi auspices in 1937. Its technical director, Wernher von Braun, is chairman of the editorial board of the *Handbook*. Peenemünde's ultimate product, the V-2 rocket of World War II, was the prototype of the U.S. Explorer rockets and later models, right down to the early Atlases.

How insignificant national rivalries and the associated triumphs and failures appear in perspective! The space age dates from October 4, 1957, with the orbiting of the first Sputnik. In the United States that day was followed by a period of national mourning, almost like the aftermath of Pearl Harbor. In retrospect, the soul-searching and self-castigation seem to have covered a long period, but in its acute phase it lasted only four months, until January 31, 1958, when Explorer I was launched by a U.S. Army team headed by von Braun.

Thereafter, successes are recorded at the rate of one, two, three a month on both sides. The Soviets launch the rocket carrying the dog Laika and kill her; a new ICBM flight record is established by the Americans, killing a mouse; the Soviets launch and recover two dogs, who receive billing much inferior to Laika's, and so on until men are orbited as well as dogs and monkeys. The competition continues at rising pace and Brobdingnagian expense. Some of the feats are truly remarkable and congratulations are exchanged with a pretense of good sportsmanship, but the impulsions of the contestants are not far superior to those of two bands of inebriated teenagers engaged in a drag race. Man's

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capacity for debauching his achievements matches the achievements themselves.

The *Handbook* teaches that space problems, and the terrestrial implications of space activity, are far more complex than the frequently unexamined assumptions that underlie them. This thought is derived from Dr. D. N. Michael's essay on "Social Impact of Space Activities." Would not one assume that precise, long-range weather prediction, based on data collected by orbiting vehicles, would automatically benefit all mankind? Michael points to the experience of the Weather Bureau with the innocently named "Discomfort Index." Under pressure from the New York Commerce and Industry Association (the City of New York has a fairly vile summer climate) the Bureau switched to the less descriptive "T-H Index." If weather satellitry had been able to predict the frigid weather that prevailed in Florida last month, who would have made pre-Christmas plans to go there? In the tourist industry, among others, overloads and underloads will both be aggravated if we know what the weather will be like. In agriculture, seasonal prediction will make possible worldwide maximization of production; it will also increase the opportunities for well-planned economic warfare.

Che sarà, sarà. But when we *know* what will be, still more perplexing moral and socio-economic situations confront us, until such time as we are prepared to adopt a one-world and one-humanity outlook. By all indications, that will not be tomorrow.

Michael also touches on the moral aspect of man in space. "In recent years," he writes, "the man outside the law or who makes his own laws (e.g., the 'private eye') has been the ideal of many. A shift to emulating the highly disciplined and selfless astronauts would be a radical one, requiring and implying other major supportive value shifts in society." The shift does not appear to be imminent. The chosen astronauts perfectly represent established middle-class values. They sold their Cocoa Beach motel only under official pressure, and they seem to have been quite ready to accept the Houston development homes which were offered to them in a blatant publicity scheme. These gentlemen are highly disciplined, sure enough, and brave, but they share the basic business trait of looking out for the main chance.

The technical sections of the *Handbook*, which comprise the great bulk of the million-plus words of text, are written for professionals and serious *aficionados*. One doesn't need to be a so-called space engineer (who is only an electronic, construction, mechanical, chemical, etc. engineer engaged in astronautics), but one does need a grounding in college physics and its applications in engineering to make head or tail of most of the essays. Given that, one may get a great deal of solid, often fascinating, information, while skipping the advanced mathematics and related profundities. One apprehends, then, the extent to which public-relations experts are leading us into space by the nose, as they lead us everywhere else. Except symptomatically, the instance is not highly important, but in American aerospace advertising the world, as seen from the moon, is invariably depicted with the Western Hemisphere centered, and the United States in the foreground. From the trade press this tribal convention has spread to newspaper and magazine illustrations, so that now the average American must be convinced that the earth projects Cape Canaveral at an extraterrestrial observer as inevitably as a movie starlet advances her legs at the camera. Maybe the Russians do the same for Russia.

The *Handbook* offers some clues that make such presentations exceedingly dubious. For one thing, the earth's abedo, or reflectivity, is about five times that of the moon, and it must make a dazzling splash in the darkness of space, where there is no air to scatter light. "For planets not having atmospheres," the book explains, "the sky looks, in all instances, like the night sky on earth, even if the bright objects, such as the sun, are above the horizon." Also, from the earth we are looking through translucent layers of air, thinning with altitude, toward an object (moon) which lacks air, while in the reverse direction the translucent layers envelop the distant object (earth). One would suppose that the earth's atmosphere would act as a luminous screen, obscuring all terrestrial features.

In the discussion of entry corridors, Dr. Paul Gazley, Jr., of the RAND Corporation, injects a bit of popular science into an otherwise technical discussion of life-and-death factors in space operations. The entry corridor is the tunnel within which a space ship can come down on a planet (or return to earth) within safe overshoot and undershoot boundaries. To overshoot means to miss the target altogether and, except for the remote possibility of a second pass or external help, to be lost forever in space. To undershoot means to descend so steeply that the ship may burn up in the atmosphere (in the case of a planet that has an atmosphere) or that deceleration thrust may be insufficient to avert a disastrous crash. One of the figures of this section, assuming certain limiting conditions, gives the allowable angular range for various space missions, and also for examples of terrestrial marksmanship. In order of increasing difficulty, the angular accuracy required is:

Satellite orbit injection
Baseball strike pitch
Moon hit
Mars approach (not to be confused with flyby)
William Tell
Rifle target bull's eye
Venus approach
ICBM in circle of 1-mile radius with target as center
Earth approach

The Human Face

The human face, the human face is a vision
of real flesh, of rose and brown and pink.
— I love the human face!
And the face and brain and hanging body, for
sometimes the body seems to droop beneath the face,
is the Lover of the Universe through its dimmed
fastidious eye. (And sometimes the face
and body knit together into one perfect animal.)
But the human face is a meat jewel
and I love the face
as much
as
hands!
We *are* perfect.

Michael McClure

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Velocity control is also vital in the case of the space shots and to put the ICBM on target—this last requires an accuracy of better than 5/1000 of 1 per cent for the 1-mile error allowance. As far as angular accuracy alone is concerned, however, the computations show that injection into orbit per se is easier than for the pitcher to throw the ball below the batter's shoulder and above his knees. This in turn is easier than a moon hit, and a moon hit is a bit easier than for William Tell to shoot the apple off his son's head. Earth approach is difficult—the allowable corridor from the moon is only about forty miles wide.

Of course reliability, both of nerves and equipment, is a factor in the actual execution of these feats. The pitcher's arm and the bow and arrow are more dependable devices than a space vehicle, so the above listing does not reflect the actual coefficient of danger in the various operations.

For some time I have had the impression that man may never get beyond the inner planets—not so much because he will be unable to do so, as because the space enterprise will turn out to be subject to the principle of diminishing returns and will pall on both the actors and the spectators. This is pure conjecture, but it is plausible in view of the distances and difficulties involved. That men will make it to the moon is a foregone conclusion. Some will die, others will get there and come back. The difficulty of reaching Mars is greater, but not incomparably so, and Venus may at least be circumnavigated, though a landing may not prove feasible: we shall know more about the chances when the data collected in the brilliant Mariner II experiment are analyzed. But Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars are relatively close together; their distances from the sun vary between 0.4 and 1.5 astronomical units (the mean distance of the earth from the sun) while Jupiter, the closest of the outer group of planets, is 5.2 A.U. from the sun, and the others range up from there to an appalling 39.5 A.U. for Pluto.

Not only are the distances formidable, involving round-trip periods ranging from six years to a lifetime, but new power sources for spacecraft and new communication techniques must be developed. If and when one gets to the destination (if-and-when is peculiarly appropriate in this context), the difficulties multiply. "Jupiter . . . is not very attractive for landing," says Dr. Rudolf K. Festa, the writer on planetology and, flatly, "Saturn . . . is not fit to land on." Jupiter's surface gravity is 2.4 times that of the earth, which means that a 150-pound man would in effect be carrying an extra 210 pounds, not counting his space suit. Locomotion and take-off would be next to impossible, and the deboosting requirements for a landing would be equally forbidding. True, both Jupiter and Saturn are well supplied with moons, some much larger than ours, and these might be less dismaying as landing places, but this whole business is a long way off in time as well as in space, if it ever comes to pass at all.

Instead of pressing on obsessively at vast expense in money and human life, it would be much more sensible to utilize space to promote a one-world outlook, beginning now. We know only too well that there is no generally respected system of international law on the earth. Each nation, including the United States, does what it considers to be in its own interest. The nations must either extend their quarrels into orbital space, or establish a system of regulation and inspection to keep the peace at orbital altitudes and beyond. It is significant that insofar as there has been an approach to civilized international behavior, it has been developed to regulate the use of the oceans, which by common consent are not the property of any nation, but are open to peaceful use by all.

A compelling reason for this relatively benign attitude is the hazard of maritime travel. But the sea, at its worst, cannot compare with space. Storms abate, but space is permanently and relentlessly hostile. One need only consider the absence of air, presence of hard and soft radiation and solar flares, possibility of meteorite collision, perpetual silence and darkness, absence of gravity, etc. Life in space depends, and always will depend, on the uninterrupted functioning of the complex apparatus of the vehicle and life-support enclosure, be it an individual space suit or a pressurized volume large enough to house a community of earth-emigrants.

The primary purpose of the *Handbook* is stated to be to help the designer of future space ships to "accomplish his mission in an efficient manner." The question is whether the mission can be accomplished at all. That depends not on the designers but on the high-level controllers, whose vision and motivations lag far behind the technologies they manipulate. Space ships cannot emerge from the ashes of civilization, and it is toward the scriptural ashes and dust that we are moving, not only as individuals, but as a species. Our very success may be our undoing.

The Tycoon Who Lost His Head

INSULL. By Forrest McDonald. University of Chicago Press. 350 pp. $4.95.

Wayne Andrews

"Do you remember Samuel Insull?" asks his biographer, Forrest McDonald of Brown University. The chances are, if you are a native of Chicago, that you remember Insull very well indeed. Even if your family didn't happen to lose its savings in the collapse of Middle West, you may have heard that the utilities magnate was a man who never learned to keep his temper. You may know that he once upset a considerable audience at a gathering for local charity by giving a newspaper photographer the dressing-down of his life for trying to snap a picture without his illustrious subject's permission.

So Insull did not leave a very pleasant impression on Chicago, even though he will always enjoy a certain immortality along with William Hale Thompson, Colonel Robert R. McCormick and the other folk heroes who once cast long shadows on Lake Shore Drive. Professor McDonald admits that Insull could never be taken for a saint. "When he was startled or puzzled," his biographer reports, "instead of raising an eyebrow, he inadvertently curled his upper lip, as if sneering. His brusque manner and his fierce,

Wayne Andrews, a native of Chicago, is the author most recently of Architecture in America *(Atheneum) and is now completing a biography of Madame de Staël for the same publisher.*

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hyperthyroid eyes were alone enough to keep people on edge, and the lip-curling made him appear vicious when his reaction was innocent. When he became aware of it, he shaved off his mutton chops and grew a mustache that he wore the rest of his life."

But even the most unattractive businessman ought to be given a chance, and Insull has a right to his. Trained by Thomas A. Edison, Insull was something of a genius at managing operating companies, as the stockholders of his most important operating unit, Commonwealth Edison, will be happy to testify at this very minute. It was only when he began playing high finance with holding companies that he ran into serious trouble. In 1932 his balloon burst, as did those of a number of other Americans who had lost all sense of proportion. Forced into receivership, he fled to Greece rather than answer awkward questions from a state's attorney. In the end he was apprehended and brought back to Chicago to stand trial for using the mails to defraud. He was acquitted of these charges. He left the country once again, and in 1938 he dropped dead in Paris of a heart attack.

Such is the bare outline of Insull's career. His rise and fall were covered carefully and even somewhat sympathically by John T. Flynn in four excellent articles for *Collier's* back in 1932, and it is odd, considering the importance of Flynn's work, that his name seems to have been overlooked in McDonald's extensive footnotes. Insull's new biographer does tell us that certain unflattering pieces about the head of Commonwealth Edison were published in *Collier's* at the very time when Thomas W. Lamont was on the magazine's board of directors. Are we to understand that Lamont inspired Flynn's study? This does not seem very likely, even though certain naive souls will have it that Insull's downfall was due not to his own conceit but to the nefarious cunning of Eastern bankers. It would be obviously unfair to accuse Professor McDonald of promoting any such thesis, but he may be blamed for over-dramatizing his subject's embarrassment in 1932. "Coolly and with finesse, the Morgan group moved in for the kill," writes McDonald. "The kill took about six months, for though the House of Morgan could be devastatingly predatory, it was never impatient and it was never messy."

If McDonald had supplemented John Flynn's reporting by telling us more about Insull's rivals in utilities management, not all of whom made his mistakes, or had briefed us adequately on Insull's contemporaries in Chicago, some of whom were notable for their common sense, he might have performed a real service. But he gives us next to no information about Insull's competitors (New York readers may wonder who was in charge of Con Edison in the 1920s) and pays only sketchy attention to Chicagoans who failed to lose their heads.

The evidence, such as it is, does not seem to have been marshaled with complete impartiality. Although we are told more than anyone could want to know about Insull's dreary childhood in lower-middle-class England, and a great deal more than is worth repeating about his sexual drives, a lot of information seems to have been omitted. For example, no one would guess from reading McDonald why Insull's new opera house was so bitterly resented—no mention, that is, of Louis Sullivan's masterpiece, The Auditorium, which the utilities expert forced into ignominious darkness. Nor is there a word about Louis Eckstein, the very generous patron of the summer opera at Ravinia Park, who was as unassuming as Insull was brazen.

McDonald is particularly vulnerable when he attempts to dispose of Insull's critics. Senator Norris may have been garrulous on more than one occasion, but is it really true that "the route" from his attacks and those of Gifford Pinchot "to McCarthyism and beyond was serpentine but . . . sure"? And is it altogether reasonable in 1962 to refer to Paul Douglas, Harold Ickes and Donald Richberg as "a group of intellectuals and perennially unsuccessful reformers"? Douglas, now in the Senate, appears to be more successful as a reformer than Insull was as a businessman. And neither Ickes nor Richberg was a failure under the New Deal.

There is no doubt that Professor McDonald puts Insull's best foot forward in this biography. But he was not an altogether altruistic man, as even his biographer would acknowledge. And it is just possible that J. P. Morgan knew what he was doing when he forced Insull out of the management of General Electric. Morgan made that move in 1892, many years before Donald Richberg referred to the founder of Commonwealth Edison as "a gold-plated anarchist."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris

The aesthetically alert Parisian today more often finds excitement in the latest film than in the most recent play. One is inclined to laugh when one hears the clever conversationalists discuss, not only Orson Welles's new film *The Trial*, but even a Hollywood job in a manner that resembles Harold Rosenberg explaining the latest modernism.

The French theatre at the moment is not conducive to such sport; it is now at ebb tide. Not that there is little to see in the way of acceptable entertainment. There is simply a lack of conspicuous originality. Apart from the programs of the three national theatres devoted to drama, more than forty plays occupy the boards. Among them are productions of Brecht's *In the Jungle of the Cities*, Chekhov's *Ivanov*, Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, revivals of plays by Claudel and Max Frisch. There is also Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, a success despite poor notices because of the presence in the cast of Simone Signoret and Suzanne Flon. One also notes with some astonishment that Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (without music), Hecht and MacArthur's *Front Page* and Norman Krasna's *Sunday in New York*, a failure in New York but doing well here with a popular star, are also part of the general scene.

The most highly regarded production of the season is a play that was first presented by Antonin Artaud in 1928: Roger Vitrac's surrealist *Victor or All Power to the Children*. Originally a failure — it was too "far out" — *Victor* is now an outstanding success. Very French in its allusions to the period before the First World War (1908), this *drame bourgeois*, as its author calls it, is bitterly funny.

The surrealist element may be recognized in its mixture of naturalism with fantasy, comic obscenity with lyric eloquence, caricature with grotesque symbolism. Victor, a boy of nine, is seven feet tall and, as he says again and again, "terribly intelligent." He and his six-year-old girl friend are the only "normal" (or rational) people in their families. These are composed of middle-class folk, described in terms the surrealists and most of the present young generation apply to the pillars of

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the Third Republic. They are without exception thick-headed, indecent, ridiculous. Everyone mouths pompous catchwords while living in falsehood and filth. A strange female apparition wanders into the household, a woman who is thought to be hilariously funny by everyone except the kids. This unholy ghost of the milieu, and the symbol of death, has a dismaying affliction: she constantly breaks wind. We are ready to set the play down as macabre farce when Victor on the night of his birthday party suddenly falls ill and dies. The maid entering at the final curtain cries out, "But this is a tragedy!"

The success of this play, which antedates the so-called "theatre of the absurd," was facilitated not alone by works of that temper but by the mood engendered through the whole history of France since 1928. Vitrac's play is also more brilliantly written and more sincerely felt — its loathing and agony more genuine — than is the case with many of the more recent examples of "absurd" inclination.

What struck me most was the horrible aptness of the domestic scenes. This is particularly true of one between Victor's father and mother as they are about to retire for the night — a night in which their insomnia, hysteria, sense of guilt, violent recriminations, miserable attempts at amatory reconciliation, self-asphyxiating venom mount to a torrent that would be bound to cripple—even if it did not kill—the child witness upon whom it pours. I have rarely seen anything more dreadful or, for all the vaudeville extravagance of Vitrac's treatment, more true in any realistic play. The play's curtain line, the maid's outcry, is fully justified.

I shall not linger on Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *Frank V*, though it has been enthusiastically reviewed by the press. I have been assured that it is a good play but that its Paris production is not faithful to the original script. As I saw it, *Frank V* is a stale dilution of *The Threepenny Opera* in which a great bank is run by a long family line of gangsters. The conclusion — emblematic of a futilely cynical anti-capitalism — is that the hypocrisy, depredation and crimes of the older money racketeers will henceforth become coefficient with legalized state business. Worse than the text is the production; it is sloppy and callously indifferent in a way not uncommon in the French theatre today. One feels that the actors don't give a damn about the play, the audience or themselves.

It is a great relief, therefore, to see *Hedda Gabler* played by Ingrid Bergman, Claude Dauphin and a carefully selected cast in a magnificently designed (and constructed) set by Lila de Nobili. The director, Raymond Rouleau, is one of the rare men in Paris (apart from Vilar and Barrault) who work as meticulous craftsmen. The scrupulous attention to detail, the precision of execution — not so exceptional in New York or London — tempted me to overestimate the event as a whole. On reflection, I realize that, though Ingrid Bergman does not make the mistake of playing Hedda as a freak, her Hedda is an honestly literal reading rather than a creation of any kind. The same is finally true of Rouleau's direction: it is correct and secure in the articulation of each separate segment of the play's action, but it is not inspired by any individual conception of the play as a whole: it lacks vital content. The production, then, adds up to what the Germans call a good "court theatre performance"—solidly emphatic professionalism without flair. Still it is *Hedda Gabler*!

The real novelty of the season is the latest Ionesco play, *The King Expires*. Its one act lasts an hour and a half: more than it should. It is the author's ode to death.

As in all of Ionesco's plays, the tone alternates between a tongue-in-cheek humor and a more or less real anguish. Most people who have commented on this play are more impressed by the author's growing seriousness (even more marked here than in *Rhinoceros*) than by his "wackiness" and for that reason prefer it to most of Ionesco's earlier work. I am not sure that they are right.

The king who is dying in the new play is you and I or Every-ordinary-Man. His domain is shrinking, his estate impoverished, his servant personnel diminished, his army depleted, his perquisites paltry. But he is delighted with himself, confident that he is supreme. His two wives — one embodying the harsh voice of reason, the other all-protective tenderness — though differently motivated, cling to him with equal fervor. But his doctor diagnoses a fatal illness. "At the end of the show," the sibylline wife announces, "the king will die."

The king scoffs at this. He feels fine. Slowly, very slowly, he begins to sense his infirmity and recognizes that he may die, indeed that he is going to die. "But," he cries out, "I don't want to die. Why wasn't I warned? I am not prepared." Nothing can convince him that death is anything but rank treason!

The parable is absurd and poignant: absurd in the reiterated commonplace of its predicament and theme, poignant in the ghastly "surprise" which life springs on its all too human "king." Ionesco manages to ring changes on his material which are both witty and eloquent. This is not only due to the play's

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finely written passages, but to Ionesco's basic attitude: he seems to face death as do most of us today with the horrified innocence of a child being taken to the doctor for the first time.

On the one hand, Ionesco is telling us that death proves life to be an awful hoax, abysmal nonsense, a dirty trick that shouldn't happen to a dog. This is in his role as "existential philosopher." At the same time, he is saying that life, despite everything, is marvelous in its every aspect! This is in the role of the ordinary man — a guise in which we are glad to have Ionesco appear.

I await the publication of the text before I estimate its stature. (The play's final and very long speech was obscured for me because the actress playing the horrendously dispassionate wife lisped badly and had a disturbing nasality of delivery.) Still, seeing the play I found myself sympathetic to a certain auctorial self-exposure. Ionesco, the shrewdly grimacing sophisticate, a worthy of the contemporary non-enlightenment, suddenly stands before us and cries like a little baby. We want to console him with a "There! there! We're glad to find you're really not so very complex after all and hardly a bit Superior!" I came from the performance with a sense of *liking* Ionesco as a person rather more than I ever have before.

It may be noticed that most of the "better" things of the theatre today are what Anouilh has called "black" plays — plays of despair. It is the prevalent cliché. On the eve of my departure from Paris I heard an internationally famous producer of *avant-garde* films say with undisguised glee: "There is nothing to hope for nowadays. Hope is absurd!" I was reminded of the production of *King Lear* which I had seen in London, a few days before — one of the greatest successes of the English stage in years. But of this I shall speak in my next piece.

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FILMS

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Whatever else he may have been, T. E. Lawrence is a legend. As such, he is a proper subject for popular entertainment and that is what Robert Bolt and David Lean have given us abundantly (three and three-quarter hours of it) in *Lawrence of Arabia*. The color, variety and scale of the desert have never been so overwhelmingly flung acros the screen; it is implacable, lethal and hypnotic. The long camel marches, the struggle for life against heat, thirst and exhaustion, the frantic Arab charges, the cunning ambushes and ensuing plunder, the contrast between the fierce opulence of a chieftain's camp and the cool luxury of British regimental headquarters—all these make a spectacle that would have gladdened the heart of Griffith.

However, it is known that there was something extremely odd about Lawrence. Indeed, the fact of the oddity (though certainly not its nature) is so widely known that Bolt and Lean could not ignore it, as I suspect they would have liked to do. So, off and on throughout the picture, and more frequently in the latter half, there are scenes to demonstrate Lawrence's imbalance. Neurosis is not a subject that can be handled very effectively on the widest possible screen illuminated in the most vivid possible color. A chill falls on our vicariously heated blood, but the abnormality that tormented Lawrence is not made very clear (though when has it ever been made clear?).

The Bolt-Lean thesis appears to be that Lawrence at first conceived of himself as the elect of God—pure, invulnerable, irresistible. Then came the famous night in the hands of the Turks when, the present script says, Lawrence discovered himself to be as vulnerable as other men, as ready under the whip to cry for mercy, as eager to betray his friends and saved only by circumstances from doing so. Appalled at finding himself mortal, and believing that the task he had set himself could not be accomplished by a mortal man, Lawrence fled the desert and sought a job that "any ordinary man could do."

Then General Allenby, that wily serpent (Jack Hawkins playing a serpent is a spectacle to behold), talks him into returning once more to lead the Arabs on Damascus. The reappearance of Lawrence among the tribes, surrounded by a personal guard of villainous killers, smiling, flirting with his snowy robes, encouraging the shouts of religious joy and showing his profile to an American news photographer is superbly horrifying. At that moment Lawrence is Caligula, a mocker of the gods playing at god. All in all, though, the preoccupation with his psyche is unprofitable in the context of spectacle.

Mr. Lean as director has his troubles with Peter O'Toole. The young man looks a good deal like Lawrence's portraits and he rides a camel with great authority. But he cannot project a sense of magic and, in moments of alleged spiritual agony, he merely looks dazed. It is sometimes said that Lawrence was a megalomaniac exhibitionist: except on the occasion noted above, Mr. O'Toole can simulate nothing more alarming than a conceited showoff. It passes belief that the Arabs would have followed him.

On the question of who betrayed whom, General Allenby is made to bear the major share of villainy. In the picture's own terms, though, that is hardly fair. True, Allenby agrees that Lawrence may use his name when promising the Arabs their national freedom after the war. But Lawrence was bright and well educated; he must have known that political promises cannot be made by generals in the field. The way Mr. Bolt writes the story, Lawrence assured the Arabs of a future that he thought just and one that he knew would make them fight—but there is no evidence that he believed that future probable. The picture does not make clear what effect this implicit treachery had on his state of mind.

It is too bad that these personal and political ambiguities mar Mr.

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Lean's extravaganza. But the revolt in the desert was a tormented and dubious exploit and not enough time has yet passed to make it simple and pure. Alec Guinness is excellent as Prince Feisal and Anthony Quinn as the bandit chieftain.

With *Eclipse*, the inclination of Antonioni's work becomes clear. He is certainly an artist—one who through his work defines and enforces a view of existence. I admire his need and ability to do this, and recognize the truth of what his pictures show. But there are many truths about existence, and Antonioni's is not one that very much interests me.

Increasingly, from *L'Avventura* through *La Notte* to *Eclipse*, Antonioni has been defining life as a state of disenchantment. His heroes, and particularly his heroines, are not out of love so much with one another as with consciousness itself. They move with laggard grace, trailing their fingers and glances across the pretty and useful objects that surround them, but grasping nothing. Some of these toys of ennui are other human beings. It is a real mood, we all fall into it; but as a dramatic theme it is not profitable.

I can't tell whether Antonioni thinks that the state of being unable to care less is now epidemic, or whether it is rather that he is morbidly drawn to people while they are so afflicted. The title of his current picture suggests that he sees it as a passing shadow, but the story itself — insofar as there is a story — does not show an edge to the darkness. We meet Vittoria (Monica Vitti) at dawn, as she is wandering exhausted through her lover's apartment. They have wrangled all night — because, though she doesn't know what she wants, she knows that she doesn't want what she has. She leaves, goes seeking her mother (for some recipe of vitality?) and this leads her into the stock exchange where the older woman gambles. The hysterical scenes of money changing hands are visually exciting and stand, in exaggerated intensity, for the human interchange that Vittoria now finds so flavorless.

The mother's floor broker (Alain Delon) is a highly charged particle in the cloud chamber of the exchange. He dances a kind of sleight of hand, using telephones, slips of paper, sandwiches, small change and colleagues in a magnetic ballet that is elegant and would be witty if it were not so impersonal. Being completely uncharged herself, Vittoria is soon drawn into the young man's orbit. To put it less metaphorically, she is generally out of sorts with mankind and specifically in need of a man. I felt sorry for this Piero, who seemed fated to be drained of the stored nervous electricity that gave him what personality he had. Toward Vittoria I could feel nothing except that Monica Vitti is very handsome.

It has become a custom to say how excellently Antonioni manages his gray inventions, but I get the feeling from *Eclipse* that the management is becoming a little obtrusive. The sets of *Eclipse* are as strewn with significant objects as a thematic apperception test, and the photography has been elevated to the pseudo art of photogenics: every lamp post, bookend and flapping tarpaulin is made to pay its aesthetic tribute to the director's preoccupation with beautiful composition. This is the cult of taste, an obsession we should not learn from the Japanese.

Antonioni, it seems to me, has been wasting his time, and ours, by experimenting to see what is the very minimum of consequential material that can be styled into a tangible work of art. *Eclipse* is a work of art and it is tangible — but just barely, and style threatens to take over.

There is an aura of daring public service surrounding John Huston's *Freud* that I find a little irritating. From the way the picture is being "handled" you might suppose that "Oedipus Complex" is still one of these forbidden phrases that people snicker over behind their hands, the way our spirochete-riddled predecessors snickered over "social disease."

Aside from that, the account of Freud's early studies of hysteria, experiments with hypnotism and first application of psychoanalytic techniques is a respectable, and respectful, picture. To be sure, dramatized biographies of geniuses are always a little vulgar, because it is impossible to treat the pain and courage of creation theatrically without cheapening them. Thus, Freud's gradual formulation of the theory of infant sexuality, his excavation of a human pattern intuitively embedded in Greek myth, is developed in a narrative that comes close, sometimes ludicrously close, to a crime thriller — with the subconscious of a very pretty hysteric (Susannah York) supplying the most significant clues. The plot unravels with a neat ingenuity that Margery Allingham would applaud (in one sequence the alluring patient utters three of the slips we now call Freudian in five sentences). Montgomery Clift battles shocked and scoffing colleagues and his own night terrors with a resolution that is stupefyingly single-minded (did Freud utter no word in ten years that was not directly related to his researches?) and a little shallow.

But assuming that a popular screen life of Freud is needed, this is as good a job as could be done — carefully researched, scrupulously simplified, meticulously staged and cloaked in reverence. I wonder if it is to be followed by a picture describing Einstein's thrilling pursuit of relativity.

Mr. Huston is certainly drawing large crowds at two New York theatres. People are apparently eager to hear the bearded Mr. Clift utter notions that would have struck their maiden aunts dumb with amazement and horror. But as far as public enlightenment is concerned, the picture may set the popular understanding of psychiatry back a few years. The profession no longer takes for granted that sex is at the base of all neuroses, or that every man and woman is compelled to wall off in the subconscious a guilty infantile attachment to the parent of the opposite sex. It will be too bad if we now have a popular revival of that painful period in the 1920s when "advanced" mothers feared to coo into the bassinet and fathers were banished from the evening bath. A little Freud is still a dangerous thing.

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(Continued from inside front cover)

of "Arizona Sunsites." The president of a savings and loan association which has done business with Horizon, said, "Everything I know about them [Joseph Timan, who heads Horizon, and Bray] is all right." The vice president of a title company said "Arizona Sunsites" is one of the "better promotions" among the Southwestern mail-order land promotions and "definitely an honest enterprise."

In Phoenix I checked with the state Real Estate Commissioner and he said Horizon has "some good property" at "Arizona Sunsites" and the project is "Class A" compared to other promotions in these parts. He did express some misgivings about a "gimmick" — as he called it — by which Horizon proposes to let some of the retirees help build their own homes to reduce their cash outlay. The commissioner said this might run into complications involving the unions and industrial compensation.

I checked the files of the *Arizona Republic* for the source of the quote in Steiner's article which also was an issue between him and Horizon: "'It is a shame to sell this land to people who can never use it,' an official of the Arizona State Land Department told Phoenix's *Arizona Republic*." The quote is from a five-part series done last August on the whole Southwestern mail-order land boom. But it didn't allude specifically to "Arizona Sunsites." In fact, the reporter said "Sunsites is one of the better subdivisions."

I think Horizon can be faulted in one respect. Its literature is capable of deceiving people who know nothing about Arizona. The hurried reader, seeing aerial photos of Phoenix and Tucson and close-ups of fancy resorts, etc., might jump to the conclusion that "Arizona Sunsites" is located close to the metropolitan areas. Still the literature doesn't say so, and it does contain at least one correctly identified photo of the Sulphur Springs Valley countryside, with all its wide-openness. And I suppose the prospective buyer has some small obligation to inform himself about a piece of land before he invests in it.

To sum up: There are, without doubt, some fraudulent or nearly fraudulent land promotions going on out this way (and Horizon acknowledges as much). The worst of them appear to be in Mohave County, in northwestern Arizona, where, as Steiner reported, hot and useless desert land without water or electricity is being sold to gullible outlanders sight unseen. "Arizona Sunsites" doesn't seem to be that kind of promotion, and the Horizon Land Corporation resents — with considerable justification, I think — being tarred with the same brush.

Joseph Stocker

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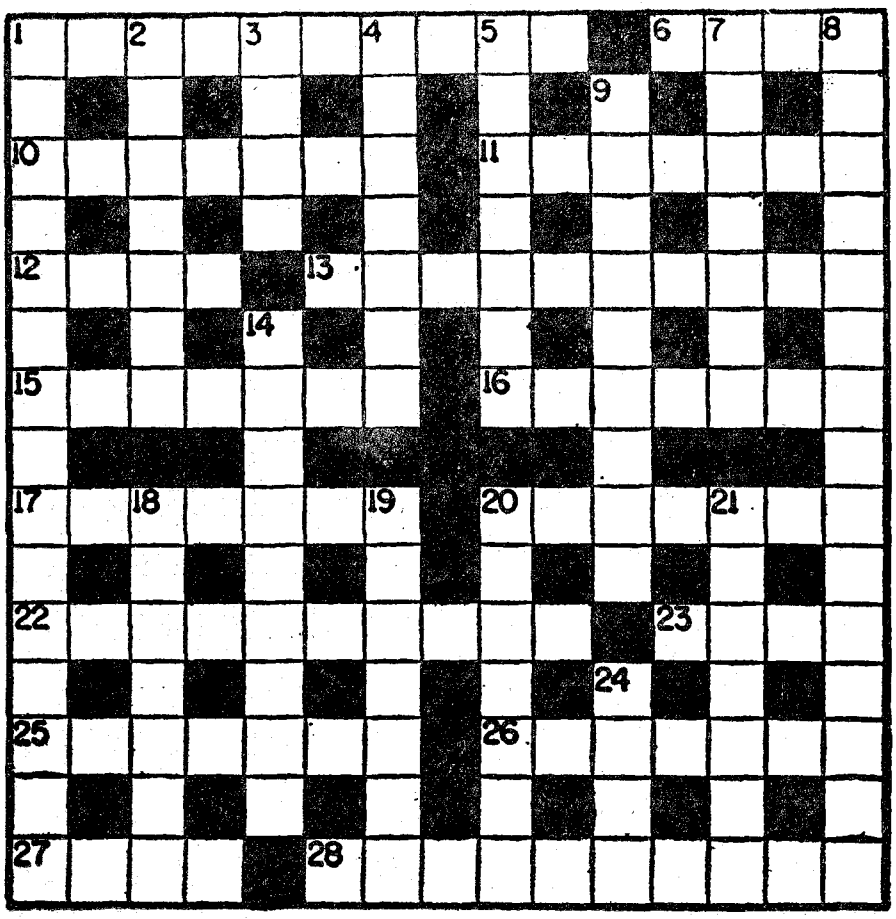
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What chairmen sometimes do together? They tell what time the stars should appear. (10)
6 Giants' first base, in trying to rise. (4)
10 Noticed one animal where it might be a job to cut a cord. (7)
11 It's necessary no longer to have one man, commonly. (7)
12 Gave a false impression about part of the concert? (4)
13 Robin (Hood) or Guy (Lombardo)? (10)
15 Intermit. (7)
16 The cold wind lets the young horses leave and waste away. (7)
17 Gives the horse-laugh to those who scratch? (7)
20 One probably shouldn't leave the dock in doing so (at least if one is the thinning type). (7)
22 Salome wasn't the type Hemingway might have hired! (4, 6)
23 Irish yarn-spinner? (4)
25 Horatio's country? If so, theirs should be a success story. (7)
26 Such a reminder should cause apparent amusement. (7)
27 Plant speed-up? (4)
28 Not really the lead article of the editor—it's more what he does. (4-6)

DOWN:

1 A flight of rooks? (7, 2, 3, 3)
2 In case of some difficulty, they should have more than a brief acquaintance. (7)
3 It's not quite irrational to expect champagne to be so dry. (4)
4 Grace should never be so. (7)
5 Was in apprehension of being both "red" and "dead"? (7)
7 Went over the limit. (7)
8 Proving any orange letter might be official! (8-7)
9 One-time chatty places in high circles. (9)
14 One doesn't so forget about arms, for example. (9)
18 Makes an attack on the costs of explosives? (7)
19 Water container. (3, 4)
20 Is the object to hold with a pin? (7)
21 Like Tennyson's work, as far as royalty is concerned. (7)
24 Having trouble being reached when there's no sign of trouble? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 993

ACROSS: 1 Second gear; 10 Thunder; 11 Alabama; 12 Cherubim; 13 Tears; 15 Order; 17 Liberator; 19 Sacrifice flies; 23 Antes; 24 and 5 View with alarm; 27 Kippers; 28 Petered; 29 Dawn; 30 Patronymic. DOWN: 1 Sets; 2 Couched; 3 Nadir; 4 Garibaldi; 7 Adamant; 8 Transgress; 9 and 6 Matter of fact; 4 Mossbacked; 16 Reissued; 18 Beekeeper; 20 Cat's-paw; 22 Interim; 24 Vesta; 25 Wotan; 26 Odic.

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